

## cookie dough on your tongue by caffeinescripts

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**Summary:**

"You kissing me isn't what makes this song romantic."

## cookie dough on your tongue

### Author's Note:

for tumblr, & the two lovely people who requested  
jancy + slow dancing :)  
pretty sure everyone's heard the song btw, but if you  
haven't...what're you doing?

It was the type of summer night that was hot, no doubt, but not *that* bad. Not sticky and humid and slick with sweat hot they'd been used to for the past couple weeks now. Sometimes even a slight breeze peeled through the air, indulging them for a second.

And, surprisingly, it wasn't that bad during the day either. It was still uncomfortably warm, but not sticky enough to deter them. Nancy had still managed to wear the sundress she, and her boyfriend, loved so much. Even Jonathan had shown up to her house in shorts. And the car ride to the movies was comfortable with all the windows down and Jonathan going fast enough for it to matter. The AC was still broken in his ford, but Hopper promised the next day off he'd help fix it.

They hadn't eaten before the movie, simply for lack of time. They were ten minutes late as is, but Nancy still insisted it'd be fine. When they exited the theater, hand in hand, the sun had already set and Hawkins was engulfed in darkness only speckled with streetlights.

The responsible thing would be to eat dinner, neither had eaten real food since lunch, but it was hot and Nancy was craving something *sweet* so without even thinking she led their conjoined hands to the ice cream shop in the center of town. It was surprisingly quiet, and she recalled Steve saying something about a bonfire at the lake tonight. *Good*, Nancy thought to herself. No one to bother them. They slipped in the shop, the bell announcing their arrival to the sweet old lady working behind the counter.

She ignored Jonathan's look when she ordered cookie dough in a cup (she liked cones too, but they were harder to share), about to take out her own wallet before he could hand a bill to the lady. She

managed to give him a pointed look when he did just that, knowing how much it irked her. She didn't have a problem with her boyfriend buying her things sometimes, but he had bought the movie tickets. And he was the one with the job, the money supposed to be going towards his college savings. And his family was the one struggling financially, especially compared to hers.

She thought the least her father could do was pay for her and her boyfriend to get dessert for dinner. "I'm giving you gas money." She announced as they walked out the back door, leading them to the picnic tables in the back of the shop.

"You don't-" Jonathan started, but was cut off with one daring look. *Finish that sentence.* "Thank you." He changed his mind instead, laughing at her pleased look.

The night was clear, and how warm it was still made the frozen desert even better Nancy decided. She could feel Jonathan's eyes on her, questioning. She gave him a look instead, her mouth filled with ice cream otherwise she'd ask.

Jonathan shrugged. "I know strawberry is your favorite, that's all."

There it was. Nancy grinned, making a scoop full of ice cream as she spoke. "Yeah, well my thought process was maybe if I got *your* favorite, maybe you'd actually *eat some of it.*" She laughed, pushing the ice cream up to his mouth before he could respond to that.

That was Nancy's relationship with Jonathan for a lot of things. He did so much for her, she loved doing little things to make him happy. *Of course* she'd order his favorite ice cream because he would always order hers. She'd make sure he had gas money since he was driving her everywhere. She'd show up at his job with lunch on days he otherwise wouldn't eat until dinner. It was just what she did. She didn't mind looking out for Jonathan, it's not like anyone else was going to put him first. In fact, she kind of loved it.

"You didn't have to." Jonathan was saying as he swallowed. She wanted to roll her eyes. She knew she didn't have to, she *wanted* to.

Nancy shrugged. "I happen to like cookie dough just as much, thank

you.”

Jonathan only laughed as Nancy sat, making herself comfortable on the top of the picnic table. Her feet rested on the seat, and she straightened out her skirt over her knees before force feeding Jonathan another bite.

He took it gladly as he sat next to her, resting his elbows on his knees as he did so. It was still unbearably hot, but neither one of them wanted the distance. They just missed the AC from the movie theater or even the inside of the store.

“Do you really?” He wondered, causing Nancy to raise an eyebrow as she licked the remaining ice cream off the spoon. “Actually like cookie dough?”

He laughed as she did. “It’s good. Not my favorite, but it’s good. Plus,” She scooted even closer, “I like you. So...” She shrugged as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“I like you, too. So much.” Jonathan replied immediately, his voice getting all serious. He always spoke seriously when it came to her, and his feelings about her. It was never a joke.

“I know.” Nancy replied, not even being able to stop the blush crawling up her neck and cheeks. She ducked her head, focusing her eyes on her sneakers in hopes to hide it.

She did know, boy did she know. He made no effort to hide that in the last few months they’d started dating. In fact, she felt more in love, and loved, than she had ever with her ex. She was sure he knew it too.

Jonathan’s fingers reached out to brush her own, and she let herself meet his eye again. He, surprisingly, just looked away from her. Unsurprisingly though, he also had a slight redness to his face. But he was looking up instead, almost thoughtfully. She paused for a moment to see what his eye caught.

“Really?” She teased him, looking to the speaker. The music was low, but it was unmistakable. She could now only hear *Heaven* by Bryan

Adams playing as they sat.

“What?” He laughed back, his eyes focusing on their hands now. “It’s a good song.” She knew he was saying that because it happened to remind him of her. It’s okay, she felt the same.

“Yeah, it’s a good song. Very *romantic*.”

“It can be romantic.” Jonathan shrugged.

And then, all of the sudden, Jonathan hopped off the table and was around her. She wasn’t sure when he moved their hands, but now both of his were on either side of her on the picnic table top. Supporting his weight as he had stood, and Nancy felt her breathe hitch at how close he was.

She forced herself to meet his eyes, and not his lips, as he spoke. “You just have to make it romantic.” He all but whispered before he was leaning in, brushing his lips against hers.

Nancy pushed herself forward, fully, capturing his lips with her own as she brought her hands to his neck. His lips were sticky and tasted sweet like the vanilla ice cream that was now forgotten about behind them as she deepened the kiss. Jonathan made no movement of stopping her as he, somehow, pushed himself closer to her on the table. It suddenly occurred to her without that bench part, she could wrap her legs around him without a barrier, and she wished that was a reality now.

Maybe not the best idea in a public place, she was made aware when they broke away to take a breath. She didn’t let him move though, as she rested her hands on his broad shoulders, letting herself steady as she looked up at him from under her lashes.

It was a feeble attempt because the sight of his eyes blown wide and the look he was giving her was enough to make her feel like she was pushed out of a plane. She wanted more of him, but she also didn’t want to fuck him behind an ice cream shop in the middle of town.

She could only imagine what the rumors would say. Oh god, and her mother. At least Mrs. Byers, or Joyce as Nancy was told to call her,

would find it funny. Hell, Hop probably would too.

Slowly, as slowly as she could, she pushed herself a couple inches away from him. He had the same idea, thankfully, knowing they'd need to hit the brakes before this went too far. She was still looking up at him, breathlessly, when she spoke.

"You kissing me isn't what makes this song so romantic."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah." She hummed, her tone taking a playful teasing one once again. She nearly even cocked her head to the side.

"That's all I got then. What would you like?" He wondered, still trapping her between his arms on either side. She tried to ignore how hot that was.

"I-I don't know." She shrugged, thoughts leaving her for a second. "A gesture. Like..."

Jonathan only raised his eyebrows at her, begging her to explain. She must have got it because she got that look in her eyes Jonathan knew all too well. Her *I have a plan and nothing is going to stop me* look.

Before he could even ask, she was gently pushing him away from her, her hands still on his shoulders as she stood on the ground. She was still a couple inches shorter than him, but it was manageable to wrap her arms around his neck as she pushed them back, just a little more.

And then, she started to sway. Her eyes never left him, and Jonathan felt himself getting embarrassed and blushing again as he tentatively lifted his hands to her waist. *Fuck*, he was never really good at this.

But he wasn't too bad. Certainly not as bad as he thought he was. Even though she knew Mrs. Byers' had given Will the lessons though. Nancy lessened the distance between them, dancing only somewhat awkwardly. Gently, she took his arms and placed them tighter around herself.

He'd been nervous the first time they'd done this at prom too, but even then he got the hang of it quickly. She was also nearly

supporting all her weight on him then, her feet hurt from the heels and she was just a little buzzed from the punch Steve spiked. They skipped out early but Nancy had a great time with him. She only insisted they danced a little before they went to make out in his car or something.

“There you go,” Nancy smirked in approval as Jonathan matched her movements, although she could tell he was embarrassed to be doing this so openly. Although, he’d probably be all red in the face if they were in his room too.

“This is your idea of romantic?” He laughed, although it was softly now. It was almost too intimate of a moment to speak at a normal volume.

Nancy nodded, leaning her head against him now. “Well, yeah. This is nice isn’t it?”

“Yeah, yeah it is.” Jonathan answered quickly, almost too quickly, and it brought a smile to his girlfriend’s face.

“I think so too.” She mumbled, snuggling against him as the rest of the song played out. She didn’t fail to notice Jonathan’s arms also tighten around her, the degree she had wanted when he first touched her, and she felt completely comfortable in his embrace.

Nevermind the stupidly hot Indiana summer, or the fact their body heat would cause this to be uncomfortable and sweaty if they kept it up. Jonathan could drive them down the freeway to make up for that later, having a feeling neither one planned on calling it early tonight. Right now, also all the time but especially right now, she just wanted to be close to him.

And when the song ended, Nancy started to pull away as something else came on. She didn’t recognize it, and could only assume Jonathan didn’t either, but his grip didn’t loosen. Instead, he reached for one of her hands while his other stayed firm around her.

And he was grinning, all red and bashful, but smiling from ear to ear. It was contagious, and even though she was already hot and missing her ice cream, she let a smile spread across her face too as she

humored him.

“Sorry. I know I suck at this, don’t I?”

“Kinda.” Nancy stated bluntly. “It’s okay though,” She quickly took her other hand to lift his chin, forcing him to meet her eye. “Think of how good you’ll be at prom next year.”

He was touched for a moment, or maybe stunned. They’d been together nearly eight months now, ever since one of the worst weeks of his life (although November ‘83 was a tie) but he was almost floored at how sure she was. She wanted him in her life, now and in the future. She wanted him as much as he wanted her, and he could hardly believe that. He looked like he was about to scoop her up and kiss her again, and Nancy wanted nothing more than for him to do just that.

Instead, he laughed, the touched look never leaving his eyes. He didn’t have to say anything, she knew how much it meant to him. “How am I gonna be better when I don’t even know what I’m doing now?”

“You practice!” Nancy exclaimed like it was the simplest thing in the world. In an instant, she was leading him as they danced, both of them laughing and messing up. Jonathan had one hand enclosed with hers against his chest, trying to keep up while the other was still wrapped around her. In a rather bold move, Jonathan took the chance to spin her.

Nancy’s dress swirled around her, and her sneakers were not meant to gracefully turn under cement, but she was laughing anyway. She landed against his chest, still looking up at him under her lashes. They were both genuinely happy and that was a rarity for both of them. Especially in the last year.

Well, the last couple months had been pretty great. So maybe happiness was more becoming to them than she thought. Maybe they really deserved it too. She certainly wasn’t grateful for anything that happened, but she was grateful for him.

Nancy moved first as she backed herself a bit to look him in the eyes.



Jonathan was sporting one of those smiles he only gave her and she felt her heart hammer in her chest. It was overwhelming, what she felt for this boy.

“I love you.” She breathed.

She never felt more sure about anything in her life, and she wanted him to know that.

Nancy felt weak in her knees by just the way Jonathan was looking at her. “I love you too, so much.”

Nancy was grinning when she pushed herself back up again, and they stayed like that for another few moments. All swaying and kisses that were messy and improper because they were grinning through them.

They broke away for air once again, but neither moved for a minute. Until Jonathan was talking again after the silence, pressing another soft kiss on her lips as he spoke. “By the way, I think your ice cream has melted by now.”

Nancy was out of his arms in a moment, although not releasing his hand. “Shit!” She grinned, dragging him back to the picnic table to find a cold soupy mess. “*Our* ice cream has melted.” She corrected, taking a spoonful anyways. It was still good.

“Our icecr-” Jonathan corrected himself, walking up behind her. Before he could finish though, Nancy had turned on her heel, pressed nearly chest to chest with him, as she shoved the spoon full of icecream into his mouth again.